WHEN WAR RAGED.

REMINISCENCES SUGGESTED BY CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL DAY.

The Substitutes For Articles of Household Use—Queer Bonnets and Dresses—The Ruling Passion Strong Even In Adversity. The Mothers and Maidens of the South.

[Special Correspondence.]

CHARLESTON, April 26.—This is Confederate Memorial day, and it has become an anniversary throughout the south, and the southern soldier's grave is a mecca on whose shrine our people lay their offerings. But no Confederates are more worthy of tender remembrance than the wives, sisters and daughters who girded on the soldier's sash and with heartbreaking farewells sent him forth to battle. Many chapters might be written concerning their sufferings and sacrifices, but none perhaps is more interesting than that which describes the manner in which these brave women, the majority of whom were raised in affluence, adapted themselves to a condition of absolute poverty and by their ingenuity triumphed over their privations.

The Ingenuity of Necessity.

Ask any matron today who was a girl of the war period how she lived, and she will tell you of tea made of sassafras sweetened with sorghum sirup; of vinegar made of persimmons; of shoeblacking composed of sumac berries boiled with water, suet and soot; of candles made from beef tallow, with strips of old cloth for wicks, or sycamore balls split in half and soaked in the drippings of pork or other fatty substances; of buttons made of persimmon seed or cut from gourds; a paper of pins costing $5; of old garments and old carpets ripped, raveled, carded, mixed, dyed and made to do duty in other shapes; of hats made of palmetto or straw, and shoes of rat and squirrel skins. In short, there was no waste and yet few of the harassing dilemmas of Flora McFlimsy.

When the war began, the average southern family was supplied with clothes for a year to come. With the establishment of a blockade and the suspension of commercial intercourse, however, the problem which presented itself was how to obtain the actual necessaries of a household—its food and dress. Prices continued to rise steadily from 1861 to 1865. In the latter part 1863 flour was $100 a barrel, tea $100 per pound, coffee $40 per pound, bacon $1.25 per pound, butter $2 per pound, tobacco $4 per pound, sugar $2 per pound, soda $4 per pound, nails $1.50 per pound, whisky $40 per gallon and later $150; kid gloves $50 per pair, which, when soiled, were re-dyed with ink balls; calico $30 per yard, boots from $250 to $800 per pair, and so on. A year later these prices were trebled and quadrupled. What wonder that the ingenuity of woman was put to its severest test!

MAKING OVER A BONNET.

But they were equal to the sacrifice. They drank cheerfully of coffee made of rye, wheat, sweet potatoes and ground nuts dried and parched. They used roots and herbs for medicines. Their envelopes consisted of wall paper or old pictures that were blank on one side, the mucilage being furnished by the gum trees, while the ink was a composition of oak balls, green persimmons and rusty nails in the place of copperas. The cackling geese supplied the pens.

Bridal Veils and Bonnets.

In matters of dress every device to be thought of was utilized in order that the weakness of the fair sex to be in style might be gratified. The most antiquated fabrics did not equal the demand. Trains were discarded and skirts abbreviated. When a number of sisters were in a family, they concealed their deficiencies by turning two half worn dresses into one. They borrowed freely from each other and took turns in staying at home. A single bridal veil served for half a dozen weddings, and antebellum silk stockings were patiently unraveled and transformed into neat fitting gloves.

Bonnets were marvels of invention, and not a few of them were fearfully and wonderfully made. Among the strange articles employed in their manufacture were guinea hen and goose feathers. A straw hat dyed and varnished, with a bit of gay ribbon twisted around the crown or trimmed with a palm leaf or some other equally catching design cut from a gentleman's dressing gown, attracted no unusual attention.

A lady writes that "once, by some odd chance, an acquaintance was so fortunate as to have sent her a hat and a pair of balmoral boots, with a skirt to correspond. These treasures were sent by a blockade runner, and a reception was held to display them and allow others the privilege of trying them on. I afterward often saw the balmoral skirt worn very guilelessly with simply an antique velvet jacket." Silk dresses were made from the covers of worn parasols or umbrellas, and a mosquito net often did duty as lining.

"At our sad little prayer meetings," writes another lady, "a lady began here and there to appear in a novel shaped bonnet, unlike anything our Confederate eyes ever had rested upon, with a sort of front portico and balustrade addition, and this covered artistically with more or less of ribbon, laces or flowers, as circumstances might permit. I presently—even through my tears—became aware of this change gradually taking place in the female architecture, and learning upon inquiry how word had come through the blockade 'that bonnets were being worn larger in front' I waxed indignant that any southern woman should do so frivolous an act as to sit down at a time like the present to build a vestibule to her bonnet.

Easily Pleased.

"Next there came a dim, mysterious whisper through the blockade that 'bonnets were being worn larger behind.' Immediately female activity was bent in that direct on, and in an incredibly short space of time there were observed excrescences of divers hues and contrivance obtruding from the backs of the ladies' heads—a shed, as it were, built on to the original body of the bonnet—which, taken in conjunction with the change already undergone in front and in consideration of the meager millinery now to be had among us, presented a highly variegated and striking appearance.

"Time wore on, and day by day this irresistible disease of the bonnet—a sort of elephantiasis of that organ—spread more and more through the congregation until whole rows, having caught the contagion, might be seen sitting up in a state of deep satisfaction under these ingenious and picturesque arborescences. Presently it became so conspicuous not to have this bonnet elaboration that—oh, weak, weak woman's nature!—even I sat down, and through floods of tears threw out my little wire arbor in front and covered it with the accustomed millinery incongruities."

And thus do we take a pathetic peep at Confederate fashions! Yet, while following this phantom in her way, no southern lady ever failed in her duty to the sick and wounded. At home she was busy providing for their use the scant luxuries which the time afforded, and in the hospital she lent her cheerful influence during the long and dreary period of convalescence. She soothed the dying, and her tears fell upon the sod of the dead.

It is to a southern woman we owe the thought of a Memorial day, and since then it has been observed with religious regularity. Wherever is a bit of "God's acre" in which lie the remains of a Confederate soldier, there, once a year at least, gather the mothers and maidens of the south and strew it with a wealth of flowers.

F. G. DE FONTAINE.

Smoothing the Way.

The educated young man had struck the mountain town for a stay of several weeks, and at the railroad station he was met by the landlord of the tavern which was to be home to him during his visit.

"Got'ny baggage?" asked the old man.

"Two trunks," responded the visitor.

"Whar air they?"

"Those are they," designating by a nod the two which belonged to him.

"Which?" inquired the landlord, stopping suddenly.

"Those," repeated the youth, pointing out the two with his stick, "those are they."

"Yes, yes," said the old man, becoming very fatherly in his manner, "but you hadn't better say it so's anybody kin hear you. Ef you wanter git along with the folks in these parts and live peaceable, I reckon you'd better say, 'Them's them.'"—Detroit Free Press.

Not Safe.

Her lips quivered, and her breath came in labored gasps, but she did not speak.

"Do you not love me?" he anxiously demanded, seizing her shrinking hand.

"I—I don't know," she faltered.

Gently he insinuated his arm about her.

"Darling," he murmured, "would you like to have me ask your mamma first?"

With a sudden cry of terror she grasped his arm.

"No, no, no!" she shrieked convulsively. "She is a widow. I want you myself."

She clung to him until he solemnly promised that he would say nothing to the old lady for the present.—Detroit Tribune.

Just the Thing.

Young Digby (of Digby & Co., the local grocers)—Oh, yes, Titus is not a bad fellow, but he's terribly sarcastic. The other day I asked him to fix me up a nice motto to go over the counter. What do you think he wrote?

Chorus—Give it up. What?

Young Digby—That one, "Honest tea is the best policy."—Tit-Bits.

COWNS FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

The upper center figure shows a novel dress for a girl, of two shades of brown crepon laid in alternate plaits. The waist is laid open vest fashion, the vest and revers being of white pique feather stitched in red. The figure at the extreme right is a pinafore of nainsook with tucks above a hem and embroidered ruff and collar at the neck. The right figure below is a long sleeved apron of linen lawn open in the back. That on the extreme left is of dimity with a bias band of turkey red around the edges. It is open in the back.

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE.

Scotland has 15 divorces to every 1,000,000 in population.

Of divorced couples in Germany, over 55 per cent have no children.

The average age of widowers when remarrying is 42; of widows, 39.

In Austria 14 is the legal age for marriage for both men and women.

Little Denmark is great in the matter of divorce, there being 37 divorces to every 1,000 marriages.

In Cochin China the breaking of a pair of chopsticks in the presence of the couple is a legal form of divorce.

In Ohio a divorce was recently granted because "the defendant pulled this plaintiff out of bed by his whiskers."

The marriage statistics of every country show that widowers are more prone to marry maidens than to take widows.

The average duration of marriages in England is 27 years; in France and Germany, 26; in Sweden, 23; Norway, 24; Russia, 30.

Marriage is a contract, but differs from all others in that it is the only contract minors can make which in a court of law will be held good.

A New Jersey wife got a divorce because "the defendant, the husband, sleeps with a razor under his pillow to frighten this plaintiff."

In France divorce is common among all classes. During 40 years there were 17,315 divorces granted to professional people, 16,180 to merchants, 12,060 to farmers, 31,995 to laborers.

According to Wright, drunkenness of the husband as a cause of divorce is most frequent in Illinois, Ohio, Iowa and Massachusetts. Drunken wives are most numerous in Pennsylvania.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

RAILROAD TIES.

The Terminal Railroad association of St. Louis has re-elected Dr. William Taussig president.

A number of bridges will be built during the coming summer on the southern end of the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburg road. Plans are now being prepared.

The Missouri, Kansas and Texas has abolished the office of superintendent of bridges, and in future the duties of that office will be looked after by Chief Engineer C. A. Wilson.

The Big Four has been trying to perfect arrangements with the Chicago and Eastern Illinois for the use of its tracks between Danville and Chicago for a through service from St. Louis and Chicago. It has succeeded at last.

The citizens of Fargo are endeavoring to have the extension of the Duluth and Winnipeg, which will probably be built this year, pass through that city and connect with the "Soo" road about 20 miles northwest of Valley City, N. D.

A Cactus Club.

The Cactus club of Baltimore is a unique organization. It is composed of men and women who unite in a company solely for the purpose of studying cacti. They have found much of interest in these curious desert plants, and their periodical expeditions are much esteemed by such as are invited to be present.—Philadelphia Ledger.

From Pillar to Post.

The expression "from pillar to post" is derived from a custom practiced in the riding school of olden times. The pillar was placed in the center of the ground, and the posts were arranged two and two around the circumference of the ring at equal distances; hence "from pillar to post" signified going from one thing to another without any definite purpose.—Yankee Blade.

Thirteen Brides.

As there were just 13 marriages in Henniker, N. H., last year, the brides are all the objects of superstitious solicitude.

The STATE JOURNAL'S Want and Miscellaneous columns reach each working day in the week more than twice as many Topeka people as can be reached through any other paper. This is a fact.

He Covered a Great Deal of Ground.

A certain John Hodgdon, who lived in Weare, N. H., more than 100 years ago, was one of the men who seem always to have luck on their side. Whatever he put his hand to prospered. As his neighbors used to say, "John Hodgdon's dish is always right side up when it rains porridge."

Probably his good luck was mostly shrewdness and frugality. We are told that he was an excellent farmer. At all events, shrewd or lucky, he grew richer and richer and bought more and more land, till people began to wonder where the thing would end. The general feeling was well expressed by Polly Tuttle.

She was one of a company of young people who, being out under the full moon, began discussing the question whether the darker portions of the moon's face were land.

"We can easily settle that," said the bright Polly. "Let's go in and ask Mr. Hodgdon. He'll know, for if it's land he's got a mortgage on it."—Youth's Companion.

Arched.

Sally Gay—What a cunning little fellow Mr. Calipers is!

Dolly Swift—Cunning? Why, he's dreadfully bow legged!

Sally Gay—Yes, but that gives him such an arch look, you know.—Truth.

Mark Twain's Way.

The Rev. J. Hyatt Smith, says the Kansas City Times, relates the following story: When I was living with my brother in Buffalo, Mark Twain occupied a cottage across the street. We didn't see very much of him, but one morning as we were enjoying our cigars on the veranda after breakfast we saw Mark come to his door, in his dressing gown and slippers, and look over at us. He stood at his door and smoked for a minute as if making up his mind about something and at last opened his gate and came lounging across the street. There was an unoccupied rocking chair on the veranda, and when my brother offered it to him he dropped into it with a sigh of relief. He smoked for a few moments and said:

"Nice morning."

"Yes, very pleasant."

"Shouldn't wonder if we had rain by and by."

"Well, we could stand a little."

"This is a nice house you have here."

"Yes, we rather like it."

"How's your family?"

"Quite well—and yours?"

"Oh, we're all comfortable."

There was another impressive silence, and finally Mark Twain crossed his legs, blew a puff of smoke into the air and in his lazy drawl remarked: "I suppose you are a bit surprised to see me here so early. Fact is I haven't been so neighborly perhaps as I ought to be. We must mend that state of things. But this morning I came over because I thought you might be interested in knowing that your roof is on fire. It struck me that it would be a good idea if"——

But at the mention of fire the whole family dusted up stairs, trailing language all the way up. When we had put the fire out and returned to the veranda, Mark wasn't there.

The Children.

Teacher (to botany class)—After a bean is planted a little shoot appears above the ground, and this soon bursts into two leaves. Now, what comes next? Bright Boy—The bean pole.—New York Telegram.

Mamma—What did you do to entertain the little girl that came to play with you? Lottie—We looked at pictures and told stories. Mamma—Why didn't you play at keeping house and visiting? Lottie—We did try, but she didn't know anything mean about the neighbors, and we didn't have anything to talk about.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Tottie (aged 5)—I wonder why babies is always born in de night time. Lottie (aged 7, a little wiser)—Don't you know? It's cos' they wants to make sure of findin their mothers at home.—Pearson's Weekly.

A Mean Fellow.

A vivacious young lady is wondering why she lost her best fellow, and this is his side of the story: "That girl just giggled all the time, and I had to keep my face in a broad grin to pretend to be interested in what she said. I stood it until my face got tired being stretched, and then I had to quit to rest my face. Honest. She doesn't do a thing but giggle." But his friends say it is a case of she-grin on the part of the young man.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

'Mid Pleasures and Palaces.

Mr. Flathouse—Well, how is the last new girl going to suit?

Mrs. Flathouse—I don't know at all, dear. She is a Norwegian.

Mr. Flathouse—Great Scott! Can't you stick to one nationality? You've had a Swede, a Frenchwoman, a German and an Irish girl, all within two weeks. It makes a man think he is living in a sort of Midway plaisance.—Puck.

Looking For a Precedent.

"Wow! Murder!" said the young lady from New York to her beautiful Boston friend. "Great goodness, Clara, what are you standing there like a mummy for when there's a mouse right under you?"

"Hush," said Clara, calming herself by a great effort, "I am trying to recollect what one of Ibsen's heroines would have done in a similar emergency."—Chicago Record.

Easy to Laugh.

Mrs. Brickrow—It does a body good to have Dr. Grinn when one is sick. He is always so jolly.

Mr. Brickrow—You'd be jolly, too, if you were getting $3 for a 10 minute call.—New York Weekly.

A Considerate Wife.

Caller—Why don't you get your husband to carry up your coal for you?

Lady of the House—He's in his gymnasium exercising, and I don't like to disturb him.—New York World.

Worse Still.

Husband—Does that man keep up that outlandish racket on the cornet all night?

Wife—Dear me, no. I only wish he did, but sometimes he goes to sleep and snores.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

832 calls up the Peerless